

CHRISTMAS ALLAS

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OUTSIDE the little station at Cava del Tirreno, three days before Christmas, a crowd of interpreters, porters, hotel tons and cabs were awaiting the arrival of the quick train from Naples. As it drew up in the station and the first travelers made their appearance at the exit there rose a babel of voices. Conspicuous among the vehicles was waiting was a smart English-looking four-in-hand, driven by a handsome, aquiline-faced young man, so dark of skin that he might well have passed for an Italian. At the heads of the impudent horses stood an impulsive English groom.

Young Lord Believer, who was driving his own coach, scanned eagerly from under the brim of his smart bowler, the persons who came crowding out of the station. His eyes lighted with pleasure as a girl appeared in the doorway, followed by an older lady, and two porters, carrying luggage and wraps. A dash of Persian amazement in the lines of the well-cut traveling dress and the perfectly fitting boots, a more than Anglo-Saxon frankness and independence of carriage, announced the girl as an American.

A driver bent down from the box of his carriage, and, in answer to a question from the young lady, "An elementary Italian, demanded 14 francs for the drive to Amalfi.

"But 'Baedeker' says the tariff is five or six," expostulated the girl. Her Italian was fluent, if the grammar was a little shaky. Lord Believer, from his high box-seat, heard every word.

"Baedeker!" The Italian driver snapped his fingers with a gesture of contempt. "Fourteen francs is the fare."

The girl bit her lip. She thought she was being cheated and that made her angry.

"Perhaps we had better take him and have done with it, dear," suggested the elder lady. "It doesn't matter much, you know. There are not many carriages left. If we bargain too long we may get none."

"Mamma," exclaimed the beauty. "I hate to be cheated!"

She looked around, and catching sight of Believer's pawing, glossy bays, her pleased eyes traveled in one glance up to the box-seat, where the young man sat looking eagerly down on her.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed the girl, "if there isn't a perfectly lovely coach, and I believe the man wants to drive us!"

"It's sure to be more than the cab fare."

"How much to drive us to Amalfi?" cried the girl.

"Five francs each, ladies," was the prompt answer in good Italian, the language in which the coachman had been addressed.

"Bene," came the quick reply, and the girl signed to the porters to put the bags and wraps inside the coach. The groom, hiding a grin, ran with a ladder; the elder lady mounted to a place behind the driver, the beauty climbing to the box-seat. With a flick of the long whip the bays dashed forward.

"I call this too glorious for words!" The beauty's cheeks were tinged with crimson, brought there by the tingling sea air that blew up the ravine; her eyes sparkled. "Aren't we in luck, mamma, to have got seats in this splendid coach, and with such a driver, too? See how well he handles the reins! And his profile looks as if he were cast in bronze."

"Take care, Lesley! Are you sure he doesn't understand you, dear?"

"Oh, that's all right! Very few of these Italian drivers know more than two or three words of English."

Then the girl began to talk Italian to the coachman and he answered her in the same tongue, fluently and courteously. Believer could speak Italian nearly as well as his own language and Lesley's knowledge was not deep enough to detect his few slips. He felt guilty, but dared not betray his nationality, lest the ladies should insist on being put down at the next village.

"Well, mamma," cried Lesley, turning in her place, "we've had a splendid time in Europe, haven't we? We've seen and done such a lot of things. But I believe I like Italy best of all. Of course, Egypt was gorgeous and Greece was lovely—"

"And England—" prompted the mother.

"England was sweet. But it was disappointing in one way. Only fancy not meeting one single, solitary, real live lord. I shall be ashamed to go home. My country expected it of me. And I failed. Such a shamed we should have missed Lord Believer! When I brought three new dresses on purpose, too!"

Believer started. This was a nice acre he had got himself into. But he didn't see any way out of it now. He could not suddenly exclaim, "Behold, I am Lord Believer!" He had seldom been more uncomfortable; but the worst of it was that he found himself have enough to snatch a faint joy from the situation.

"I dare say he would have been most uninteresting when you came to know him," the girl's mother proceeded to console her.

"But the Dering-Lacy's said he was awfully clever and good-looking, don't you remember? I was so looking for

ward to our one country-house visit in England; and, of course, it was very nice, but it did seem on anti-climax when the very man I'd been invited to flirt with never turned up at all. Oh, what he missed!" and she laughed.

Believer could cheerfully have kicked himself. To think that he might have met this divine creature in a decent, self-respecting manner, if only he hadn't sent on unworthy excuse to those good but dull people, the Dering-Lacy's.

Through inquiries he had learned at the Bristol that the ladies were Mrs. and Miss Fleetwood, but somehow he had failed to associate the name with that of the American heiress with whom the Dering-Lacy's had tried to tempt him a few weeks ago. And in his blindness he had rejoiced in the thought of meeting the girl at Amalfi, whither he had ascertained

"Let me take all the blame," said Believer, hastily, "if blame there be, for letting myself appear to be what I am not. It was hard to withstand the temptation of having two ladies as companions on the drive."

"And I made personal remarks, and gave you two francs for yourself!" Lesley threw up her two little hands in horror.

"It was the sincerest compliment I ever received," said Believer. "I shall always keep the coin in recollection of the pleasantest drive of my life."

He was wonderfully happy again by this time.

"And that was really your own coach and you are not an Italiene?"

"I am as little Italian as you are. I made my coach for my own pleasure about this coast. I have rented one of those old watch towers which we passed on the way and am having it furnished and fitted up for me now. It would give me great pleasure if you and your mother will take tea with me there one afternoon."

"That would be delightful," Lesley exclaimed; but her forehead had a little, thoughtful pucker and she spoke obstructedly. Believer feared that she was trying to recall the things she had said, in English to her mother in the course of the drive, and to keep her from a reflection that might be dangerous to himself, he dashed into conversation.

"By the way," Lesley was saying, "we saw in the visitors' book that Lord Believer is in the hotel. He seems to have arrived to-day, for his name is just under ours. Do you happen to know him?"

Lesley had glanced curiously as she spoke along the row of diners lingering over their nuts, and now she turned full to her companion. In spite of himself he flushed scarlet. He was beginning a stammering reply, when the look on the girl's face checked his words. The truth had flashed into her understanding like a lightning stroke and she was enduring bitter mortification when she remembered how freely she had spoken of him in her own hearing. Her face first crimsoned, then froze into icy brightness. Believer looked at her beseechingly and would have spoken had she not stopped him with a gesture. She murmured something to her mother, both ladies rose, and turning their backs on Believer, without a word or sign, they joined the crowd moving from the room.

The lamps in the long, white house were nearly all extinguished when at last Believer went to bed, but not to sleep. As soon as it was light next morning, he was dressed and out, and, taking a small boat on the beach, he pulled out beyond the tiny pier that forms the harbor of Amalfi. Resting on his oars, he looked up to the quaint, white hotel.

Suddenly a window was thrown open and a graceful figure, dressed in some loose, white morning wrap, stepped out on the balcony. It was she! Believer's heart beat fast as he looked up at the girl he had loved at first sight standing with one little hand shading her eyes from the sun, drinking in the beauty of the scene. Presently she looked down, as it seemed, into his very eyes. He thought she recognized him, for with an impatient movement she hastily went in, closing the window after her.

Definitely Believer rowed ashore and mounted the long flight of steps to the hotel. He thought of packing up his things at once and finding another lodging until his own place should be ready for habitation; but a certain obstinacy in his nature held him from his course. After all, was he so much to blame? Had he done a thing too bad for forgiveness? If he frankly apologized to the ladies, ought they not to forget his impulsive error of taste and receive him again on a footing of friendship? His determination to seize the first opportunity for an explanation.

He had not long to wait, for as he was passing down the long corridor on his way to the salles-a-manger for breakfast a door opened in front of him and Lesley herself appeared.

"Miss Fleetwood—" He had begun appealingly, when she turned on him a look so full of resentment that the words died on his lips. She passed him with a hardening of the dainty features and her pretty chin in the air. Believer fell back, biting his lip. For the next two or three hours he wandered wretchedly about the ancient town and presently found himself again at the little port, where he began to talk with one of the Italian masons employed on the works for strengthening the pier. Suddenly this man broke off in an explanation he was giving of the means by which they transported and sunk the heavy blocks of concrete and raised a warning finger. With startled eyes he was looking up at the great cliff that rose above the harbor.

When the two ladies were seated Believer grasped his courage in both hands and, with a thumping heart, took the vacant place by Lesley's side. The girl looked up. Her eyes widened with wonder as she gave him

a quick, surprised glance; then a gleam of merriment flashed into her face, and a rich, warm blush reddened her cheeks, tinging even the shell-like ear. Believer saw, with infinite relief, that the first encounter was to be decided in his favor. He smiled and bowed, looking very handsome in his evening dress.

"I hope," he ventured, "that you are not tired after your drive."

Mrs. Fleetwood was looking at him across her daughter.

"Is it possible?" she had begun.

"I'm afraid it is, mamma," Lesley cut in mischievously. "Somewhere there's been a very big mistake. Whether it's our fault or this gentleman's, I don't know."

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Mrs.

HELLO!

USEFUL
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
for Women Folks

E. F. COYLE

You pay less—or get more

LOCAL PAGE

NEWS OF BEREAL AND VICINITY, GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

DR. BEST,

DENTIST

CITY PHONE 183

Office over Berea Bank & Trust Co.

DAN H. BRECK

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance

Phone 505 Richmond, Ky.

L. & N. TIME TABLE.
North Bound LocalKnoxville 7:00 a. m. 10:55 p. m.
BEREA 1:04 p. m. 3:52 a. m.
Cincinnati 6:30 p. m. 7:45 a. m.

South Bound Local

Cincinnati 6:30 a. m. 8:15 p. m.
BEREA 12:34 p. m. 12:33 a. m.
Knoxville 6:55 p. m. 6:50 a. m.

Express Trains

Stop to take on and let off passengers from beyond Dayton, O., or from Atlanta and beyond.

South Bound

Cincinnati 8:00 a. m.
BEREA 11:44 a. m.
North BoundBEREA 4:46 p. m.
Cincinnati 8:37 p. m.

Mr. J. D. Clarkston is to move his hardware store to the building where Mr. Porter has had his office. Mr. Porter moves to the building next door, recently vacated by J. M. Coyle.

Mr. Chester Engle has moved his store goods into the building of J. L. Gay on Chestnut Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Coyle left Monday for Hamilton to make their home.

Mr. Albert Bicknell is visiting his Red Lick this week.

The little grandchild of Mrs. Robert Gillon was brought here from Indiana for burial, Friday.

Mr. Wm. Dooley was in town last week.

Mr. Allen Bogie, who has been doing brick laying in Pineville, is back in Berea.

Mr. Alvin Azbill of Kirksville was in Berea, Monday.

Prof. Raino will read at his home next Tuesday night at 7 p. m., perhaps one of Geo. W. Cable's stories. College Workers are welcome to "drop in."

Miss Bettie Azbill who has been in Alabama for a few months returned home Friday.

It looks like everybody trades at Welch's.

Mr. Campbell of Danville was visiting his two daughters, Saturday, who are here in school.

Professor S. C. Mason is expected in Berea the last of the week and will remain perhaps four or five days renewing friendship here.

Big auction sale of lots on Prospect Street, Wednesday, Dec. 27th. see the Master Commissioner's announcement on page 5. A splendid opportunity to buy a fine residence lot.

At Home

From now, henceforth and ever after

The Racket Store

In the most attractive, commodious, up-to-date building in Berea. With a line of merchandise and Christmas goods that will please every one.

Come in and See Us

The New Brick Building with the Handsome Plate Glass Windows

Main St. Hotel Block

THE MESSIAH

The Messiah was given before the largest audience which ever gathered for such a purpose in Berea, and was enjoyed by a larger number than ever before, the religious feeling being specially evident throughout. The solo singers gave their parts impressively, especially the bass, though many of us remembered the moving voices of some of Berea's singers who are very effective in these parts.

The delay in beginning was unfortunate because it is difficult to give sustained attention for so long a program. And we think the effect would be improved if the chorus could follow the solo parts more promptly so as to prevent any disjointed effect. The music is of great difficulty but by rendering the same piece year after year our chorus will become increasingly free and unconscious in the rendition. Prof. Righy and his assistants have a right to great satisfaction in the success attained and the service rendered.

GERMAN SOCIAL

One of the most pleasant social functions incident to the closing term and the nearness of Christmas time occurred at the home of President and Mrs. Frost on last Saturday night when Miss Welsh cleverly entertained the members of her German class by giving them a social so German-like that a casual visitor would have thought himself in Der Vaterland itself.

The Christmas tree sparkled with its many lighted candles and decorations, and by the candle light the assembled guests indulged in a social half hour of German conservatism, wise and otherwise.

At the call of the hostess all were seated and sang together several German Christmas songs. Then followed "Der Christbaum ist der schonste Baum," rendered by a mixed quartette from the Sophomore class; a reading by Mr. A. D. Todd; "Ein feste Burg" by a quartette from the Junior class; a German story by Miss Lucy Holliday; "Reminiscences of our stay in Germany" by President Frost; closing with "Stille Nacht" sung by all.

FOR SALE

One good 8 room house; lot 60x175 feet; good cistern, on High Street, Berea, Ky., a bargain if sold at once. Address, F. S. Mullins, Conway, Ky.

Farm of 25 acres at Snider, Ky., 1 1/2 miles north of Conway. Good dwelling; all improved; under good fence; good well, storeroom and stock of groceries. Address F. S. Mullins, Conway, Ky.

FOR SALE

On Center Street a good lot known as the John Bales place. House and barn on lot. Good reason for selling—owe money.—D. N. Welch.

PRESENTS

Most appropriate for
all now on sale at our
NEW DRUG STORE

WELCH'S

Give A Man What He Wants,
That's The Way to Please Him

Here are the things he will like better than any thing else—and the prices are exceedingly attractive:

A New Suit,
A New Overcoat,
A New Pair Shoes,
A New Hat,
A New Shirt,
A 1/2 Doz. Prs. Hoes,
A New Sweater,
A Pr. Gloves, A Necktie,
A Handkerchief, Suspenders,

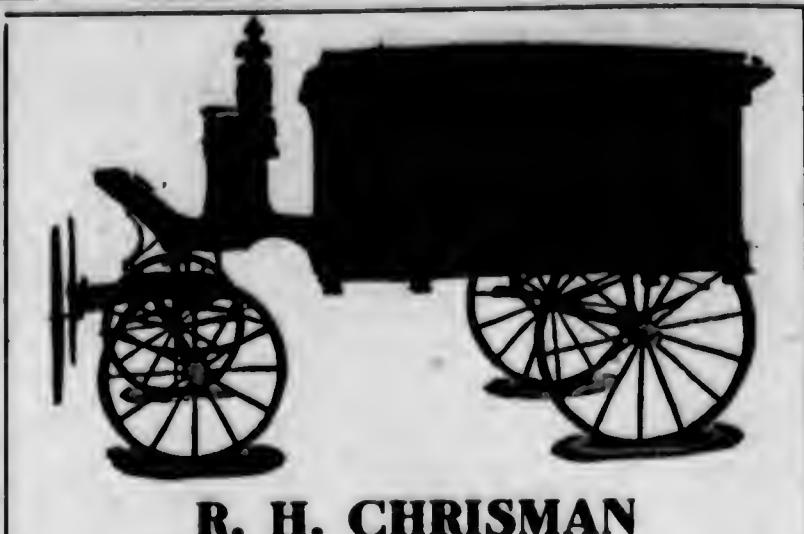
Cuff Buttons, Stick Pin, and lots of other thing we have to show you when you come in.

You will find it easy to decide what to buy when you get here.

RHODUS & HAYES
THE QUALITY STORE

MAIN ST.

BEREA, KY.



R. H. CHRISMAN
Undertaking and Embalming

A Complete Line of Modern Funeral Supplies.
SPECIAL SERVICE DAY OR NIGHT.

Day Phone 26

Night 46

Refreshments were then served consisting of Kaffee and Festkuchen followed by a flash-light picture of the company, after which all departed expressing their appreciation of the pleasant evening and wishing the hosts a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MISSIONS MADE INTERESTING

A program of unusual interest was presented in an exceptional manner by the Student Volunteer Band at the Y. M. C. A. meeting in the Chapel, December 10th. That the speakers reached their hearers, was manifested by the close attention and the note books brought in use to catch the valuable items of information brought out in the presentation of each subject.

A novel feature was the use of large placards, each of which presented in graphic manner the especial facts emphasized by the individual speaker.

Boiled down to the very essence the subject in hand was truly, concisely, clearly presented with the emphasis of crystallized fact. There was rhetoric, the rhetoric of uncontested figures, there was appeal, the appeal of the clearly designated self. Multiplicity of words there was not. But the appeal was powerful.

Berea has reason to be proud that she can put on the platform a band of young people who, so far from being amateurish, can use the weapons of speech and fact to very good purpose.

Below is given a short extract from each address.

Mr. Alwin Todd took Korea as an example of what Christianity will do for a non-Christian nation if we meet our opportunity. "There has been an average of one convert an hour every hour in the day and night since the first missionary set foot in Korea twenty-five years ago. There are now more than 2,000,000 believers and there are not more than 15,000,000 souls in the whole empire. Christianity has become the national enthusiasm in Korea somewhat as baseball is in this country."

Mr. Horace Caldwell showed how we Americans spend our money. "The money spent for one year on whiskey would pay an army of 3,200,000 missionaries a salary of \$500 each and put one missionary to every 37 heathen in the whole world." We spend yearly,

Foreign missions, \$11,000,000.
Candy 250,000,000
Tobacco 600,000,000

Miss Cora Marsh reviewed the progress of modern missions and gave a call to service. "It took modern missions one hundred years to win the first million converts out of heathenism; the next million was won in twelve years; the next million is being won in six years. The day is coming when we will win millions every year we measure up to our God-given opportunity."



Gifts Appropriate

Gifts that may be used and enjoyed to the comfort of one or the entire family three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days during the year and the next year and the next year and so on for ten possibly twenty years. To get the above results make it

A substantial Quartered Oak Rocker, \$3.50 to 6.50
 A nice Quartered Oak Parlor Table, \$5.00 to 10.00
 A fine Axminster Rug for the Parlor, \$2.50 to 10.00
 A Globe Werneke Elastic Book Case, \$10.00 to 20.00
 A fine big plain Foster's Range, one that stands upon legs with or without a warming closet, 16 or 18 inch oven, fully guaranteed, \$18.00 to 25.00
 A Roll Top family compartment Desk, \$10.00 to 20.00
 A fine white felt Mattress, \$6.50 to 10.00
 A pair all wool Blankets, \$3.00 to 4.00
 A Mirror, A Picture, A Couch or Davenport, A Sideboard, Buffet, or A Kitchen Cabinet

THE FURNITURE STORE

Where all the above and hundreds of other articles may be found is the place to select your gift.

"THE FURNITURE MAN"

Phone 26

HISTORY OF RED CROSS SEALS

Red Cross Christmas Seals date back in their origin to "charity stamps," in Boston in 1862, during the Civil War. After the war, this method of raising money was discontinued in this country for a generation, although it found vogue in Portugal, Austria, France, Spain, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Russia, Sweden and other European countries. There are now several hundred different types of charity stamps used in all parts of the world, as many as forty being used in Austria for children's hospitals alone.

Stamps or seals were first used to get money for the anti-tuberculosis crusade in Norway and Sweden in 1904. After being used in these countries for three years, as a direct result of the interest of Jacob Rila in this movement, the Delaware Anti-Tuberculosis Association, headed by Miss Emily P. Bissell, and the Red Cross Society of Delaware, combined in issuing a Tuberculosis Stamp. So successful was this campaign that nearly \$3,000 was realized, and the next year, in 1908, the American Red Cross was induced to issue a Na-

ional Red Cross Tuberculosis Stamp. From this sale, \$135,000 was realized, that amount being almost doubled in 1909. Last year, for the first time, the sale was organized on a comprehensive basis, taking in all parts of the United States, and \$310,000 worth were sold. In 1911, the slogan for the campaign is, "A Million for Tuberculosis from Red Cross Seals."

A Valuable Holding. Another big dividend payer is *Sense common*.—Wall Street Journal.

POLITICAL IDEALS

Continued from First Page

individual treatment, individual status before the law; but Berea stands also, in a manner not surpassed by any institution of the United States, for obedience to the law. Berea habitually appeals to the name of Lincoln, and well it may I in this case, for it was Lincoln who said with regard even to the fugitive slave law, "It is ungodly, it is ungodly, no doubt it is ungodly, but it is the law, and we must obey it while it stands." So spoke Abraham Lincoln. Let me trust that it is the heart's voice of every young citizen and every prospective mother of citizens that hears my voice today.

Your Debt to Berea

Render unto government the things that are government's, and unto God the things that are God's. There, once for all, the Savior of mankind proclaimed that the two allegiances were not irreconcilable and that they must not be treated as if they were irreconcilable. Here are young boys, yonder are young men. If I may judge you by ordinary human probabilities many of you are not as clear as you might be as to what these ideas are upon which Berea was founded and for which Berea is known and praised and loved and approved not only throughout the United States but throughout the English-speaking world. Well, it is not right that I should go into all that, but it is your business to find it out. Do you feel that you owe anything to government that protects you from invasion, that protects you from famine, that establishes the conditions of life that have made the vast wealth of our nation? Do you think that you owe anything in gratitude to the government of this United States, and think you do not owe anything to the government and history of Berea? You owe at least this much, to know the foundation idea of Berea, and if your convictions do not contradict it, to stand by it through thick and thin. I am going to touch on it, and I am going to trust you to acquaint yourself with it more thoroughly.

But I cannot pause here, I could talk to you for half an hour or you could talk to me for half an hour, on this point. What I want to come to is this; that Berea stands for individual convictions, individual rights.

AT

TATUM'S

Delivers Any Time

There is only one way—Honesty!

PETTUS & PARKS, Druggists

Chestnut St., Berea, Ky.

Honest Drugs at Honest Prices.

Your prescription filled accurately at living prices, any time, day or night.

We have a nice line of Toilet Goods, etc. Also a nice line of Jewelry and Mr. T. A. Robinson, our expert jeweler, will have charge of same.

LOOK AT THIS!

A Splendid Bagain in a 318 acres Stock and Fruit Farm. This land is real good limestone blue grass mountain land, well watered. About 60 acres in blue grass; about 100,000 ft. of saw timber; a great deal of the timber and a great number of locust posts. Finest stone for making lime any where. Sheep live on blue grass all winter. This is one of the best of sheep ranches, also a splendid fruit farm. It has growing on it now about 2,000 budded bearing peach trees; 160 finely assorted budded apple trees, besides all kinds of small fruit, grapes, cherries, plums, etc. This tract has on it two good farm residences. One with splendid cellar and all necessary outbuildings, and one splendid stock barn, water in yard—3 tenement houses, and is in good neighborhood, within 2 miles of church, school and post office, 5 miles from Rail Road.

I will sell same as a whole or in two fractes—county road dividing it—
 as a whole for \$25.00 per acre on good terms.

Town lots and improved property in Berea, Ky. Bluegrass farms in Madison and Garrard Co., 5,000 acres in 1 block. Timber and coal lands in Southeastern Kentucky all for sale at prices and terms to suit purchaser. Let me hear from any one interested.

J. P. BICKNELL
 Berea, Ky.

many differences of treatment accordingly, but I will give you a qualifying clause which makes the rule entirely and forever practicable. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you" if the case were reversed. That is the whole of it. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you if they were you and you were they. That rule you can carry right through life, and that is Berea's rule.

What does it mean in politics, what does it mean in citizenship, in all community relations? It means the treatment of the individual according to his individual worth. Now forget everything else I have said but remember that; that BEREA STANDS FOR THE TREATMENT OF THE INDIVIDUAL ACCORDING TO HIS INDIVIDUAL WORTH. Class, nationality, race, let them all pass. Christianity itself never said to you that any nation, any class, had a divine right to rule or to last forever, but Christianity does tell you, and all the world's best philosophy does tell you, that the individual man has a right to his life, liberty and happiness while he lives that he has a right to be treated for what he is and does and is likely to be and to do. There are qualifications, I admit, but that is the supreme fact and all other facts are mere qualifying clauses.

I am going to come over here, young ladies, because I find myself talking to the young men all the time. (Applause) You see I am betraying a little unprogressiveness because I am talking to these young men as prospective citizens, forgetting what may come over on this side. (Laughter)

Now I have got to offer one qualification of this principle of individual treatment on the basis of individual worth and then, I think, I shall be done. The qualification is that such treatment can never be absolute, never be perfect. Now, if we should stop with this confession what joy and light it would strike in the heart of many a moss-backed, old-fashioned Southerner! But I am not going to stop there. Render to every individual the treatment due to his individual worth. It cannot absolutely be done, but for all that it is the thing to strive for, as moral duty, as political policy, as human justice the world over. It is the thing to strive for supremely, and it is the thing that the world's progress is striving for. It cannot be done absolutely. All our institutions are human and all human institutions are imperfect, and it often happens that the individual has to waive his rights for the good of the mass of society. That is not because his rights are wrong; it is because human institutions are imperfect and all human relations are imperfect and they must accommodate themselves to one another's imperfections. But the watchword, the first word, the last word of it all, is the word I have given you: RENDER UNTO EVERY INDIVIDUAL THE TREATMENT DUE TO HIS WORTH AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

Let him waive his rights in the interests of society, but when society itself has to abridge his rights for her own safety society there incurs the solemn moral responsibility of doing that as little as she must as infrequently as she may and ceasing to do it as soon as she can.

Now I say that Berea stands for that as no other spot in the state of Kentucky stands for it. A few such spots are

sprinkled all over the South and they are every one of them lighthouses, beacons of progress that stands for it as the regions round about them do not stand for it. I say that as a Southerner, I say that as an ex-Confederate soldier, I say that as a man who has in his own mind and heart and convictions made every mistake the South has ever made.

Prove All Things

Now Berea stands for another idea, and it is embodied in the Scripture text: "Prove," that means, try, as:

[Continued on eighth Page]

COMMISSIONERS SALE

Matte A Seal, etc., Plaintiffs.

vs.

Lizzie Hughes, etc., Defendants.

Under and by virtue of a judgment and order of sale rendered at the October Term, 1911, of the Madison Circuit Court, the undersigned Master Commissioner of said Court will on

Big Sale on at Engle's

You will show sense, and save the cents that make the dollars if you trade at Engle's for the next thirty days

Big Sales of Shoes and Clothing

Phone 60 R. J. ENGLE, Berea, Ky.

Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1911, on the premises in the city of Berea, Ky., at 11 o'clock a. m. sell to the highest and best bidder at public auction the following described property:

Beginning at stone on the south side of Prospect St. in Berea, Ky., corner of J. L. Baker, thence eastward along south side of Prospect St., 1,140 feet to land owned by Simpson McGuire, thence with line of same, southwest 825 feet to a stone corner to McGuire's, and in line to Jason Williams, thence with his line westward 840 feet to a point near center of creek, thence with line of P. B. Ambrose and J. L. Baker, 1,010 feet to the beginning, containing 22 acres more or less.

Said tract has been subdivided into 23 splendid building lots with streets fronting same, and will be sold in single and combinations of

lots to suit purchasers. After all the lots are sold or offered for sale the property will be offered as a whole and the bid or bids producing the most money will be accepted. Said plot is on file in the Commissioner's office and can be seen at any time and on the ground the day of sale.

Terms: Said land will be sold on a credit of six months or six and twelve months time, with the option of purchaser paying the purchase money at any time before maturity. If sold on time the purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security, payable to the Commissioner, bearing 6 per cent interest from day of sale until paid and to secure payment of the purchase money a lien will be retained to the full force and effect of a judgment.

H. C. Rice, M. C. M. C. C.

BEREA'S LEADING HARDWARE STORE

I have just bought the Isaacs' Hardware Store and in the future will carry a complete line of

HARDWARE, PAINTS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS AND GROCERIES

Prices Right J. D. CLARKSTON Give Us a Call

PALACE MEAT MARKET

Fresh and cured meats and lard. Call for what you want and get what you call for. Highest market price paid for butter, eggs and chickens

Leaf Lard, guaranteed pure. Fish and Oysters every Thursday.

Kidd Building, Corner Main and Richmond Streets, Berea, Ky.

U. B. ROBERTS, Prop.

Do You Want to Buy a Good Blue Grass Farm?

Do you want to buy a good building lot in Berea, and do as others have done, build you a comfortable home, educate your children and make a living?

Or is it a common to medium farm you want at a moderate price for either cash or terms with easy payments, close around and convenient to Berea College?

It may be more convenient for you to buy some of the beautiful homes already built that I have for sale for my clients in Berea. Good enough for anybody.

I have plenty of Real Estate in Madison and adjoining Counties for sale at a price to suit any one, from \$10 per acre to \$150 per acre owing to the quality, and location of the land. Think it over and write me what you want or call at my office and we will talk it over. REMEMBER WHAT I SAY, you will always get a square deal with Holiday if interested.

CALL UPON OR ADDRESS,
G. D. HOLLIDAY
 Room 4, Berea Bank & Trust Building
 BEREAS, KY.

Dooley's For Everything To Eat

In addition to our regular up-to-date line of Staple and Fancy Groceries, which we sell every day, we have made special arrangements to supply your every want for the holidays. Our fruit line is everything that could be expected. We call special attention to our stock of Candies, which has been carefully selected. We feel sure that if you allow us to take care of your candy orders you will be pleased.

Prices are always right.

Christmas Trees

ILL the children in 1925 have Christmas trees? This question is being asked by thousands of people throughout the United States. Indications point to the supposition that within the next 15 years the supply of the evergreen trees with which we deck our living rooms annually at the feast of St. Nicholas will be so small that folk in the ordinary walks of life will not be able to afford a tree.

Year after year the forests have been deforested. New England, a generation ago, was thought to have an almost inexhaustible supply. Today her hills are bare. Nearly all her immense forests of spruce and fir have been sacrificed to the sentiment of "Nietzsche."

The middle states have been ransacked for their treasures. The farmer, although he receives but two cents apiece for the trees, is afraid to look the future in the face and wait until the tree is full grown. Neither does he show any discretion in cutting, but every year he rushes to the woods and cuts everything that he can lay his hands on in order that some one may have a night's pleasure by defacing nature's work with cheap tinsel and candles. After that, what would have been the forest of the future is discarded forever, beyond the power of man to restore and the work of nature for years to re-plant.

The bulk of the trees now come from Canada. More than 300,000 are used annually in Philadelphia alone. New York, Chicago, Baltimore and a hundred towns between them use three times that number every year.

In the wild hills of the Canadian provinces the trees are still plentiful. But it is only a question of a few years' time, with the increased demand for them, when their price will soar. No attempt is made, apparently, to rejuvenate the forests.

In a few scattered places throughout the country, it is true, one or two men have started nurseries in Christmas trees. Intelligent planting and cutting within three generations may make them useful patches from which to glean hardy trees.

But elsewhere, in spite of the talk of conservation which we hear so much about nowadays, the trees are stripped ruthlessly from the hills and valleys and no attempt is made by the greedy market to replace them.

This has resulted in the present dearth of the much-desired spruce trees. Vermont already charges an additional stampage of five cents, upon trees which are shipped out of the state.

Let us consider the Christmas tree situation in Philadelphia. Each year more than 1,000 flat freight cars, loaded with the trees, which are piled in double tiers, reach the city. The capacity of the flat car averages 300 trees.

Therefore, approximately 300,000 trees are used in Philadelphia annually. Sentimentally apart, this is an enormous waste of material, when it is recalled that the trees serve no economic purpose, and the majority of them furnish fuel for bonfires on vacant lots two weeks after the holiday.

It is an expensive proposition considered in any light. First comes the cost of sending men into regions where the trees grow. They are experts. They are able to size up the marketable value of a patch of woods after a day's tramp through them. Then comes the cost of cutting, stumping, hauling and shipping to destination. After that, it is mainly a matter for the retail dealers, who buy trees either as they stand in the forests, or at the freight yards in the cities to which they are consigned.

The small dealer must make his profit. He tacks on an extra price which the consumer must pay. Then comes the expense of decorating the greenwood with tinsel and glistening ornaments. This costs a little fortune in itself. Finally, it is usual to pay the ashman to cart the tree away, after the holidays are over.

It has been estimated that from first to last, from the time that the seedling is planted in the soft, friable soil, to the moment it returns to its primal element, the dust, as a handful of embers on the city lot, a Christmas tree represents a money valuation of \$25.

This is a total expenditure of \$7,500,000 annually. Of course, this figure is purely imaginary. The trees do not actually cause that amount of money to change hands in a simple buying and selling transaction. But there is actually that much loss to the regions which supply trees.

If all the trees in an average loaded flat car were to be stood upon their butts, in the natural way in which they would grow, they would cover a $\frac{1}{4}$ -acre lot. Multiply this by 1,000 and the amount of timber stripped annually from the hills will become apparent at once.

Just at this time of the year the Christmas tree industry is in its most flourishing condition. All of the trees for this year's market have been cut. Many of them are in transit, but some of them are even now standing in the freight yards of the railroads, waiting for the retail dealers to purchase them.

Dealers are gradually awakening to the fact that it is better to ship their trees early, sell them all at a low price, and save the trouble and expense of remaining a long time in the city bartering their wares.

The dealers in Christmas trees are types. They are all queer characters. You cannot pick out one that has not some peculiarity. As in all trades, there are tricks to the business of buying and selling Christmas trees.

You would think that the disposal of a car load of railroad ties, with a layer of trees piled on top, to an ordinary customer, would bar the deal-



DETACTING NATURE FOR A NIGHT'S PLEASURE

ers from coming again to the spot where they had practiced such deception.

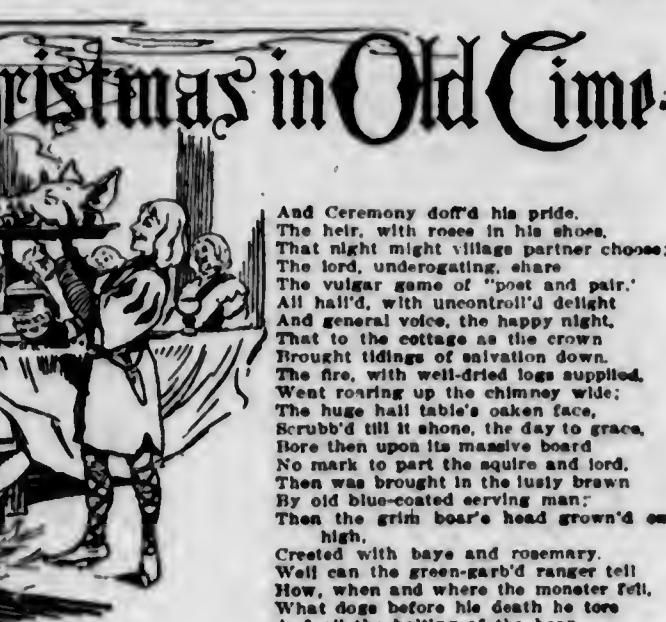
Yet it never does. Year after year they practice the most dishonest tricks upon their patrons. One man last year got a high price for 20 of the finest trees ever seen in Philadelphia. He told the buyer that the rest of the car on which the 20 were loaded was just like them, but when they were unloaded and placed for sale, they proved to be small and scrubby, many of them being utterly unfit for use. Dealers such as these are rare, it is true; the majority of them are honest.

To the dealers, whom the railroads designate as the consignees, come the little fellows, the traders. These also represent almost every phase of human character. Many save up a few hundred dollars and visit the freight yards with their teams, buying the trees in less than carload lots. In this way they can see just what they are getting. Most of them are shrewd fellows, and drive a hard bargain. Your upcountryman is oftentimes a shrewd, however, as the "piker" dealer, and many amusing hours may be spent frequenting the freight yards in the railroads where the trees are stacked or exhibited for sale.

Each year there are many new additions to the company of dealers. The lure of the adventure, the chance to realize money upon an investment that is practically certain to bring a 50 per cent. return, attracts many to the business. Trees can be purchased in half carload lots, or even in hundred lots for about 60 cents apiece. If they can be sold for a dollar, or perhaps more, the chance to make money quickly is irresistible to many investors.

Not always does the investor succeed. His fingers are sometimes pretty badly burned. The market may be glutted, he may have a rival on the next corner, or perhaps his trees are not sufficiently attractive to cause the public to patronize him. Perhaps he has held off, waiting for better prices, till the last moment, and finds himself with half a hundred spruces on his hands, which he must dispose of as best he may.

Usually, however, the business is lucrative. The wise dealer buys trees in hundred lots, peddles them out quickly, and comes back for more. He does not wait for high prices, but sells his trees for what he can get.



Heap on more wood—the wind is chill. But let it whistle as it will. We'll keep our Christmas merrily still.

Each age has deem'd the newborn year The fittest time for festive cheer; And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had roll'd And brought blithely Christmas back again, With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rites have had to the high night; On Christmas eve the bells were rung; On Christmas morn the mass was sung; That only night in all the year Saw the stolid priest the chalice rear. The deposed donned her kirtle sheer, The hall was dress'd with holly green; Worth to the wood did merry men go To gather in the mistletoe.

Then open'd wide the baron's hall The vasty tenant, serif and all; Power laid his rod of hue aside

And Ceremony don'd his pride.

The fair, with eyes in her shoes, That night might village partner choose; The lord, undignating share The vulgar game of "post and pair;" All half'd, with uncontroll'd delight And general voice, the happy night, Went to the cottage as the crown Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring up the chimney wide;

The huge hall table's oaken face,

Scrub'd till it shone, the day to grace,

Now morn to part the queen and lord.

Then was brought in the lusty brown,

By old blue-coated serving men;

Then high, the grim boar's head grown'd on

Created with baye and rosemary.

Well can the green-gar'd ranger tell,

How, when and where the monster fell,

What dogs before his death he tore

And all the baiting of the boar.

The wassail round in good brown bowls

Garnish'd with blithe bittersweet trowls.

Then the huge arieon rock'd, hard by

Old faid' old Scotland to produce

At such high tide her savory goose.

Then came the merry maevers in,

And carols roar'd with blithesome din;

If unmelodious was the song,

It was a hearty note and strong.

Who lists may in their numming see

Traces of ancient history.

While airtly masked the masquerade,

And anointed cheeks the visors made;

But, O what maskers, rightly light,

Can boast of bosoms half so light!

England was merry England, when

Old Christmas brought his sports again.

"Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;

A Christmas gambol oft could cheer

The poor man's heart through half the

year.

—Sir Walter Scott

BEREA PRINTING SCHOOL

DEPARTMENT OF BEREA COLLEGE

(The Citizen is a specimen of our work.)

Prints hand-bills, letter-heads, cards, reports, sermons, and books in the best manner, and at lowest prices.

Your patronage is asked to help self-supporting students, and to insure your getting your money's worth.

Call at the office, or send orders by mail. You will get satisfaction. Terms cash. Address

BEREA PRINTING SCHOOL, Berea, Ky.

HOUSES TO RENT

To those who have children to educate and wish to reside in Berea for a longer or shorter time to enjoy its educational advantages, the College has a number of houses, large and small, some of them partly furnished, to rent on reasonable terms. Address

THE COLLEGE TREASURER, Berea, Ky.

THE BEREA HOSPITAL

NURSE TRAINING SCHOOL OF BEREA COLLEGE

Has best operating room and all modern appliances for care of a limited number of patients. Hospital treatment greatly increases prospects of recovery.

Rates One Dollar a day and up.

Bond for prompt payment required.

For further particulars address

THE HOSPITAL, Berea, Ky.



If Mrs. Jones buys her coffee at Smith's each week—

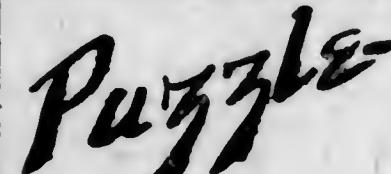
If the coffee in your store is better than Smith's and cheaper—

Why, TELL MRS. JONES!

Don't dash wildly across the street to tell her, though; she'd laugh at you. Insert a sane, forceful advertisement in this paper about your coffee.

We'll catch her eye by making your ad. attractive. Then all that is left for you to do is to take in the money for the coffee Mrs. Jones buys.

(Copyright, 1911, by W. M. U.)



Find the Man

Every man and woman is anxious to buy some article—necessity or luxury—every day of his or her life.

Single-handed it would take you months to seek out those interested in your line of business.

An advertisement in this paper does the work instantaneously.

It corrals the purchaser—brings him to your store—makes him buy things you advertised.

(Copyright, 1911, by W. M. U.)

Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

This should not be. Women represent the greater number of gift-givers. Let us then revert to the underlying love and reverence that prompted the Wise Men to lay their offerings at the feet of the Holy Baby. Let us give a little of our hearts with each present, and if we cannot give a tangible expression of our love, let us give a heart's wish instead.

In your hands lies great power for good or for evil. A woman influences thought and action. It is your duty, then, to disconcert the heartless offer and to win her approval of the spirit of the day.

Then, indeed, Christmas will mean all that he would approve. The guiding star of love and good will that shone so clearly in the blue night long ago should never be lost in our minds, and the love to which it pointed should epitomize our efforts to honor this great day.

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SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations
by
Howard Chandler Christy

Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

The Spinning Wheel

Month after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the merchants came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims. All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors, busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with meadow, busy with breaking the gibe, and mowing the grass in the meadows, searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest. All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger. Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces, waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies. Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations. Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak. Came then a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river, staying its current a while, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation. Bold, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firm of the forest. Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes; latticed the windows were, and the windowpanes were of paper. Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded. There, too, he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard: still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard. Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance. Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment in the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Often when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla. Led by flimsy romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy, pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship. Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling; ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden; ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday. Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs;—How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always, how all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil. How she seeketh the wool and the

flax and worketh with gladness, how she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff, how she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household, knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So, as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the autumn, Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers, as if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune, after a pause in their talk, thus spoke to the sound of the spindle. "Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning, never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others, suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment; you are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha, the beautiful spinner." Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers; while the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued: "You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia; she whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton, who, as she rode on her palfrey, over

a pattern for housewives, show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands. Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting; then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners, fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden?" Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted, he sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him. Standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers, sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding. Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly twist or knot in the yarn, unaware—for how could she help it?—sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered, bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village. Yes: Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings.—Stain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle, into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces; all the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!



Pressing Her Close to His Heart.

valley and meadow and mountain. Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle. She was so thrifty, and good, that her name passed into a proverb. So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer turn in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music. Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood. Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla, the spinner! Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden, pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest. Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning, thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden: "Come, you must not be idle; if I am

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources, sealing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing each one its devout path, but drawing nearer and nearer, rush together at last, at their meeting-place in the forest; so those lives that had run thus far in separate channels, coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder, parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer, rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

TO BE CONTINUED.

He Had One Essential.

Mr. Leo—"Why did you let your daughter marry that little heady-legged sport?" Mr. Moak—"Why, he's the best climber 'in the jungle, and that's quite important when food is so high."

Luke 19:3.

Deacon—"I fear it's the Sunday paper we must blame for our small morning congregations, pastor." Pastor—"Yes, many of our people are like Zacchaeus, prevented from getting near our Lord by the press." Boston Transcript.

The Meekest Man.

Our notion of the meekest man is one who is afraid to attempt borrowing a part of his salary from his wife.—Atchison Globe.

What We Live For.

What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for each other?—George Eliot.



The Light Foot on the Treadle Grew Swifter.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS.



He is attracting attention because of his testimony against the steel trust before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

\$100,000 LOSS BY FIRE.

Blaze Destroys Block and Five Re-tall Business Places At Mount Vernon.

Mt. Vernon, O., Dec. 16.—Fire here destroyed a business block and the stocks of five retail concerns, causing a total loss of \$100,000. The fire started from a small stove in the window of the Lewis Clothing Co., used to keep frost off the windows. The building, belonging to the Rogers estate, was wiped out, together with the Joel Levy shoe stock, Lewis clothing stock, McHale millinery stock, Kilkenny cigar and tobacco stock and the McCormick furniture stock. The loss on the building is estimated at \$60,000 and that on the various retail stocks at \$40,000.

Toilers Will Organize Store. Akron, O., Dec. 16.—South Akron workmen have raised \$2,000 toward a cooperative store with which they will fight the middlemen and lower the cost of living. George P. Smith, Socialist candidate for Mayor at the last election, heads a committee that is boosting the plan.

Market Quotations

Cincinnati, December 15. Cattle—About steady on good to choice quality and weak to 10c lower on medium and common grades. Shippers \$5.75@7c, extra \$7.25@7.50; butcher steers, extra \$6.25@6.50, good to choice \$5.25@6.00, common to fair \$4.50; heifers, extra \$5.50, good to choice \$4.50@4.40, common to fair \$3.40; cows, extra \$4.50@4.75, good to choice \$3.75@4.40, common to fair \$1.25@1.25; cannery, \$1.25@1.25; fat bulls \$4.25@4.75.

Market Cows—Steady and slow.

Calves—Steady, light steady to a shade higher; other grades slow and weak; Extra \$9.00@25, fair to good \$6.50@9, common and large \$3.50@7.

Hoof—Generally steady at yesterday's prices. Heavy hogs \$6.10@6.35, good to choice packers and butchers \$6.30@6.35, mixed packers \$6.10@6.30, stage \$3.50, common to choice heavy fat sows \$4.50@5.75, extra \$5.80@5.85, light shippers \$5.25@5.70, pigs 110 lbs and less) \$4.00@4.25.

Sheep—Steady. Extra \$3.50, good to choice \$3@3.40, common to fair \$1.25@2.25.

Lamb—Steady. Extra \$6.10@6.25, good to choice \$5.50@6.00, common to fair \$3.25@3.25; stock ewes \$8@8.50, yearlings \$3.50@4.25.

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East Kentucky Correspondence News You Get Nowhere Else

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

Hurry Up And Engage Your Rooms

As told elsewhere in this paper, Berea College is making every effort to provide accommodations for the young people who ought to be in Berea during the coming winter. Several stores and residences have been purchased and are being fitted up for College use; but it is absolutely necessary that the authorities should know beforehand who and how many are coming. Rooms are engaged as fast as letters come with the dollar deposit. If you have not written write today to D. Walter Morton, Secy., Berea Ky.

JACKSON COUNTY McKEE

McKee, Dec. 18.—The daily mail to Livingston has been delayed since Thursday on account of high water. —John Nantz of Welchburg came in town Sunday afternoon and stayed over for County Court today.—Most of the Co. officials will renew their bonds today for next year. —Mrs. Isaac Messler, who has been in New York and other points in the East for the past month in the interest of the Reformed Church Schools established in the County, returned last Friday.—Miss Emma Jones of Mildred will visit with her sister, Mrs. C. P. Moore, till after Christmas.—Leonard Medlock was in Mildred, Sunday.—Roy Mullins, son of Judge J. W. Mullins, received a very painful injury last Saturday by jumping off a wagon.—On last Friday evening The King's Daughters of McKee held their first birthday anniversary at the home of Mrs. D. G. Collier. The members invited their husbands, sweethearts, or best friends so there was a goodly number present despite the heavy down pour of rain. After an original poem read by Miss Hoekje, the president, a brief report of the past year's work was read by Miss Collier, the secretary. Then followed refreshments and games. The party broke up at about 12 o'clock. All were delighted and wished the King's Daughters might have another birthday soon.—The Rev. Arthur P. Allen will preach at the Academy next Sunday.

PRIVETT

Privett, Dec. 16.—We have been having some rainy weather for the past week.—J. D. Spurlock has moved his saw mill on the old Cullum farm and is now ready for work.—Wm. Dungan and Isaac Bowles are practicing on their pieces for the last day of their schools, the 29 and 30th of this month.—Old uncle Marcus Cook is very ill. He has a stroke of paralysis on one side.—Charlie Cook has gone to Lexington to spend Christmas.—Marion Smith and family will move in this vicinity in a few days.—Died, on the 13th inst., the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Spurlock, aged nine years. She was ill for about fifteen days. Her remains were laid to rest in the Spurlock cemetery. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Wm. Anderson.—Charlie Robertson who got his foot shot is getting along finely.

GRAYHAWK

Grayhawk, Dec. 18.—This has been the wettest week in this year. Many of the boys have gone down the river on cross ties, and report the ties are going slowly.—A. I. Privett has sold part of his land to Mr. Isaac Messler.—J. B. Bingham and Joab Begley have swapped land and both parties have moved.—R. P. Welch has sold his farm to Bob Turner for eight hundred dollars and is in the dry goods business.—W. H. Tincher of Longman is visiting at Bingham and Louis Hamilton's this week.—Silas Bingham of London is visiting home folks this week.—D. Young is planning to have an entertainment and Christmas tree. We hope to have a nice time.—Moonshine seems to be plentiful in this part at present.

HURLEY

Hurley, Dec. 17.—The Rev. Bowmen failed to fill his regular appointment at this place Saturday and Sunday.—The mail carrier from Livingston has failed to connect with the McKee mail carrier three days this week on account of high water.—Ben Gabbard, who has been working in Illinois, is at home again.—Rev. W. M. Johnson of Annville preached at this place Saturday and Sunday.—Wiley Roberts is home from Wyatt, Missouri, accompanied by his cousin, W. M. Willard, of that place.—Robt. Baker and son, Cloyd, were in this part last week measuring logs for the Livingston Lumber Co.—W. M. McCollum traded houses with J. R. Callahan of Double Hick and got \$250 to boot.—David Gabbard is building a chimney to his dwelling house.—Mr. Grover Gabbard bought a farm from

Born to James Ledford and wife, a fine large girl.—Miss Jane Roberts, daughter of John Roberts, died, Dec. 7. She is survived by many friends and relatives.—Mr. Oscar Bowling, son of Wm. Bowling and Cloyd Vance, son of Mr. A. Vance both have pneumonia fever.—Mrs. Sallie Marcus, Sr., has been bleeding at the lungs some for a few days.—There was church at this place Sunday night by Rev. A. J. Merrill. Five joined the church—Two deputy sheriffs shot and killed Will Helton last Wednesday. The sheriffs' names are James Proffit and Isaac Miller. The shooting was done in Owsley Co. across the Clay line.—G. A. Mitchell made a business trip to Laurel Creek last Saturday.—G. L. Laplert last Saturday.—G. L. Langdon of Bear Creek was in our town buying furs one day last week.—Abe Collins moved to Elk Creek the other day.—There was a box supper at Bethany Academy Dec. 15th.—There will be a Christmas tree here Saturday, Dec. 23.—School is progressing nicely here. Nearly all the schools will close about Dec. 25th.

CARICO

Carico, Dec. 18.—We are having some very rainy weather the past week. Owing to the high tide in the river a great many ties were run to market.—John Sumers sold his saw mill, bought a new one and will be ready to do good work at once.—Uncle Frank Cole is in very poor health at present.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Shelton, a fine boy.—David Lear sold his farm to John Sumers and has bought Cap Wilson's farm.—Clark Cornett is very poorly at this writing.

FOXTOWN

Foxtown, Dec. 16.—Mrs. Louinda is very ill at present with pneumonia. Dr. Hornsby is in attendance.—J. W. Miller of Rockcastle is visiting his friends at Foxtown for a few days this week.—There has been a large tie and log tide in South Fork yesterday and today.—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moore visited Mr. and Mrs. Willib Cox last Sunday.—Alfred Isaacs is erecting a new dwelling house at Poud.—J. L. Rose caught a fine coon in a trap one morning this week, weighed 10 pounds.—Mrs. Laura Johnson and boys visited Mrs. J. C. Isaacs, Friday.—Miss Rosalie Isaacs visited her aunt, Mrs. J. F. Rose, last week and attended church at Chestnut Flat, Saturday and Sunday.—Jerry Abner called on W. P. Isaacs again this week.—We wish the Citizen and its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

TYNER

Tyner, Dec. 17.—Owing to high water we have had no mail since Thursday.—Messrs. L. C. and J. T. Moore have gone to Livingston on a drift of cross ties.—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Morris of Gray Hawk were visiting in the home of E. C. Moore from Friday until Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Goodman are visiting in Fayette County.—Mr. and Mrs. Amos McNease of Nathanson, Mrs. Mary Dougherty of Titus, Mr. Matt Pigg of Garrard County and Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Bullock were the guests of G. W. Moore and family Monday night.—Mr. Jim Brewer was in this vicinity branding staves for Lee Congleton the past week.—Roy and Clay Moore who have been working on Quicksand for the past three months have returned home.—R. B. Reynolds fell from the roof of his granary, Monday, fracturing his ankle which has given him much trouble.—J. S. Moore is in the fur business again this season.—W. R. Reynolds killed a hawk last week that measured 45 inches from tip to tip.—Mrs. Claud Itader has been very sick with muscular rheumatism but is improving.—J. H. Moore had J. M. Morgan arrested on two charges, one for assault and battery, the other for moving lumber off his property. Both cases are set for Tuesday before Judge Mullins.—Next Saturday and Sunday are regular meeting times at old Flat Lick.—Chester Jones will close his school on Friday after Christmas with a nice exhibition.—There is more corn in this vicinity than there has been for several years, although it is selling at a dollar per bushel.

PERRY COUNTY

Perry County is having quite an inundation of disorder. The County contains as many good people as ever, but the coming in of the railroad and the overflow of whiskey in several localities swelled the court docket at the last session to nearly six hundred cases. This is a great contrast to Owsley County, where the cases of the corresponding session numbered less than forty. We take comfort, however, in the fact that the officers are not letting wrong doing go unpunished.

By taking hold of things in time we shall restore good order and good repute in old Perry.

CLAY COUNTY

BIG CREEK

Hig Creek, Dec. 12.—Marriages: Mr. Tilden Bowling to Miss Orleans Spurlock; Mr. Asher Bowling to Miss Mary Bowling; Mr. Beverly Baker to Miss Addie Bowling.—Born to Mr. C. B. Hoskins and wife, a big girl.—

Callahan a few days ago.—Grant York lost a good cow the other day. It fell in a ditch.—Bud Clark passed through our place Sunday.—Doctor Jones of Goochland is said to be in bad health again.—Granison Clark has moved from his old home on Clear Creek to Dr. R. H. Lewis' farm on Scaffold Cane.—Grant York sold his pony to Mr. Allen of Crooked Creek for fifty dollars, the other day.

OWSLEY COUNTY

ISLAND CITY

Island City, Dec. 14.—G. W. Scale of Major, got his house, coal house, smoke house and all inside furniture burned to the ground, Sunday. Loss estimated at two thousand dollars.—H. W. Briggs left a few days ago for Indiana.—W. A. Hoskins is seriously ill.—Lucian Gentry who has been so poorly has recovered and is planning to start to Berea in a few days.—It is reported that Wm. Mays, U. S. Marshal, will be the leading candidate for Sheriff of Owsley County.—Sheridan and Fred Peters, who have been at Franklin, O., for three years returned home a few days ago.—G. J. Gentry returned from London today where he has been attending Commissioners Court against Ebe Hoskins for operating a moonshine distillery.—D. A. Campbell has purchased a new saw and grist mill and will locate near Walnut Grove.—William Helton was shot and instantly killed a few days ago near Buffalo, Owsley Co., by officers from Clay County.—John Chadwell, Eva Chadwell and Otie Mays are planning to start to Berea in a few days to attend school this winter.—Born to the wife of Mack Moore, a bouncing boy. The mother and baby are doing nicely.

ESTILL COUNTY

WAGERSVILLE

Wagerville, Dec. 18.—There was quite a little rise in Station Camp Creek last week.—Mr. and Mrs. P. Congleton are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine boy, the 16th.—Mr. Robert Wagers was among friends in Irvine, Saturday and Sunday.—James Warford came home last week from Bloomington, Ill.—Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Wagers were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Scrivner, Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. Jim Sparks visited Mr. and Mrs. Wade Fowler, Sunday.—

The Village Blacksmith

LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long.
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
His needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Tolling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Miss Edith Fowler and father spent a few days last week with the former's sister, Mrs. Everett Alexander.—Mr. Harry Edwards spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Frank Congleton.—Charley Wilson visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Q. Wilson, Sunday.—Willie Mullins took his crop of tobacco to Richmond, Monday.—Next Saturday and Sunday is the next regular meeting at Clear Creek church. Everybody invited.—There will be a school exhibition at the Hammond school house, Christmas.—Services were conducted at the Davis Branch school house last Saturday night by the Rev. James Hardin and Willie Mullins.—Granison Clark of Disputanta has moved to Scaffold Cane.—Our school on Davis Branch is progressing nicely with Mrs. Daisy Swinford as teacher.—Here's wishing a happy Christmas to The Citizen and its many readers.

CLIMAX

Climax, Dec. 18.—G. V. Hollingsworth passed through our town, Sunday, with Dr. R. H. Lewis' entourage for Jackson County to see Jonah Wild who is very poorly with rheumatism.—Aunt Rosa Hollingsworth, who has been sick so long, is now getting better.—Uncle Abney Balingen is no better at this writing. He is old and feeble, beside sick, and is not very apt to get up.—Garrett Sparks bought Frank Baker's farm the other day at \$300.—Joe Hampton sold his farm a few days ago to Wilburn Gathill for six hundred dollars.—We are informed that Em Bowles, better known as Em Hendy was married to John

POLITICAL IDEALS

[Continued from page 5]

say, "prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Last night I made some attempt at elocution. If I were your elocution teacher today I would ask, How would you read that, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good?" Is that the way you would read it? Let me try it again. "Prove ALL things, hold fast that which is good." Is that the right way? Let me try it again. My friends, as long as we are in the world, girls and boys, men and women, as long as we are in this world we are in a storm. "In the tempest of life," says the old poem the boys used to get up on the platform and recite when I was a boy, "in the tempest of life, midst the wave and the gale." That is where we are, and that is where you will be when you are grayer than I am. We are in a storm. The way for you to read that is PROVE all things, HOLD FAST, with an emphasis as if you were the captain of a ship, "HOLD FAST that which is good." If you do not do that in Berea you will lose your hold. In standing for human rights here you are standing for your whole state, and in a degree you are standing for the whole South, and in a degree you are standing for the whole United States. "Prove all things." Do not accept even the Berean idea until you have tried it in the light of God's book. But do not come to his book and read anything in it by any light but the light of the spirit of the whole book. That sort of bible reading is what produced the Berean idea. Men have got all sorts of wicked schemes out of that book by coming to it in their own spirit, or the spirit of Satan, instead of the spirit of the book itself, from cover to cover. But if you never find your faith anchored in this book, and if you never propose to be a follower of Jesus Christ, this much you can do anyhow as an American citizen; you can ask yourself when you are testing any question and especially when you are testing the Berean idea: "Is this what Abraham Lincoln would have done in the case?"

Citizens of the World

Well, one word more. I have called you citizens of the United States. Is it not a superb thing, to be a citizen of a state like Kentucky, with all her splendid traditions and not have to be a citizen of the state of Kentucky only, but to be, in a measure, a citizen of forty-seven other states? Is it not a superb thing, is not that one of the things which makes it magnificent to be an American citizen? When I first stood before a Berean audience that was all there was of it in sight. Now it is otherwise. What is there besides? I want to ask you a question. You are citizens of the United States, and one Berean idea which will enable you to hold onto all Berean ideas that we are citizens of something else besides Kentucky and besides the United States. What is it? The United States, something proportionately and as far beyond the United States as the United States is beyond Kentucky, in every direction. United what? Give it to me, the man or woman or the girl that can, give it to me. The united?—Oh! you have got it in your heart. I am going to wait for it. You are a citizen of the united?—

(From the audience, "Kingdom of God.") That is very good but that is not practical politics. That is too high up for us for a while yet. We can get to that, but I am speaking.

I am confiding myself and I want you to confide your consideration just now entirely to human institutions.

We are citizens, we are citizens of the united?—? (From gallery, "world.") That is the right word. We are citizens of the United World, and the Hague is the capital.

Let Your Light Shine

When you leave Berea you go out into your various communities, far and wide, Georgia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and so on. You go from Berea and are dropped like a grain of salt into a jar of water. What are you going to do then and there? What are you going to do with the Berea idea? Are you going to tuck it away and hide it? Are you never going to advance it as a theory worth discussing? Are you going to say to yourself that you are a citizen of Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee or whatever it may be, and that you are going merely to conform for conformity's sake with the principles and convictions of the majority. Oh! that is not the Berea standard. The Berea idea is to stand by your government and obey it like good citizens, but to stand by God's government too and to work for the betterment of every law on the statute books, and of every relation in life. You will go home and you will find in all our Southern lands that the majority are tending one way which is not the Berean way. Will you follow, or will you lead? Is the old maxim is, will you follow a bad fashion or will you lead a good one? Will you be a citizen of Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky only? Or will you be a citizen of the United States even and NOT a citizen of the whole world? The Berean idea is that let popular conviction round about you what it may, it is for you to be a citizen of the whole world.

Stand up for the Right.

You must study the whole world's progress. And if the United World's progress demands, as assuredly it does, that as far and as fast as the general good of human society will permit it every individual on the face of God's earth shall be treated according to his individual worth then let that be your peaceful but persistent declaration and abiding principle. That may not be the practice of the majority of the people of the South or of the people of Kentucky, but it is the voice of the united world in its hymn of progress, and that is the word that I leave with you. Store it in your hearts, but do not keep it as a secret; tell it, maintain it, work for it; brave dangers for it; brave ridicule for it; brave contumely for it; and stand by it in the name of God's kingdom.

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RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....	\$118,318.07
Due from Banks.....	6,234.20
Actual Cash on hand.....	4,131.00
Checks, cash items and exchange for clearing.....	305.74
Overdrafts.....	4,226.96
Current Expenses and Taxes paid.....	8,458.21
Real Estate.....	13,329.40
Furniture and Fixtures.....	3,829.12
	17,158.52

Total \$153,832